

She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor

#Chapter 887: 887: A Challenge—Do You Dare? - Read She Made a Comeback as a Renowned Doctor Chapter 887: 887: A Challenge—Do You Dare?

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Wyatt suddenly rushed forward, snatching the reins from Emma's hand and quickly pulling the horse's head aside, causing the horse's body to follow his direction.

Emma was pushed forcefully by Wyatt, and although she tried to grab onto something, she couldn't control her fall and hit the ground, wincing in pain.

Wyatt swiftly pulled the horse aside, controlling it, as the stubborn horse shook its head from side to side, attempting to break free from the reins.

But Wyatt's strength was formidable, and he quickly brought the horse under control.

The sudden scene startled the people selecting horses nearby.

That was close!

Wyatt's face darkened intensely as he immediately turned to look at Aria.

Aria had also reacted quickly, stepping back in time to avoid the hooves that nearly hit her, but she was still quite frightened, her face paling slightly.

"Are you alright?" Wyatt held Aria's arms, his eyes full of concern.

Aria shook her head immediately, "I'm fine."

Chloe hurried over to help Emma up, who had fallen heavily, her delicate, fair hand slightly scraped, tears welling in her eyes from the pain.

"Emma, are you okay?"

Chloe looked at Emma's hand with unstoppable worry, "Oh, Emma, your hand."

Emma lowered her hand, shaking her head with a bitter smile, "It's just a minor injury, it's alright."

Emma struggled to stand up from the ground, and Chloe, unable to bear it, looked at Wyatt angrily, "Young Master Lewis, aren't you being too much? Why did you push Emma? She's a girl after all."

Wyatt then realized he had pushed Emma inadvertently in his rush.

He genuinely hadn't meant to and hadn't noticed her.

However, the fact remained that Emma's horse almost hurt Aria, and if he hadn't been there, and Aria had been alone, what would have happened? Would she have been trampled by the horse?

"If you can't manage it, don't choose such a spirited horse. If someone gets hurt, who's responsible? You?" Wyatt questioned coldly.

Emma clenched her hands tightly, "I don't know why this horse suddenly behaved like this. It wasn't intentional, I'm sorry."

Wyatt replied, irritated, "Who knows if you did it on purpose or not."

Emma furrowed her brow, feeling annoyed at Wyatt's words, her gaze lingering on him.

"Wyatt, what have I done to make you always think the worst of me? Am I really that bad in your eyes?"

Wyatt smirked coldly, "I just said one word, yet you're all worked up. Did I hit the nail on the head?"

Emma bit down, suppressing her grievances, choosing not to argue further with Wyatt.

Hope and Waylon, along with others, also came over, Hope anxiously glanced at Aria, "Are you okay?"

Aria's face had calmed down considerably, and she shook her head, "Don't worry, I wasn't hurt."

Emma took a deep breath, looked at Aria, and still apologized to her, "Miss Richardson, I'm sorry for not controlling the horse well earlier and scaring you. I'm glad you weren't hurt."

Chloe couldn't watch Emma apologize like that any longer, "Emma, what are you doing? You're the one who got pushed and hurt, why should you apologize to her? And you, you didn't even get hurt, why are you squeezing out tears here? Pretending to be pitiful, isn't it disgusting?"

Chloe never regarded Aria highly and felt she had stolen Emma's engagement.

Now, seeing Emma hurt because of Aria, her anger intensified.

Aria raised an eyebrow, glanced sideways at Chloe without speaking, and then yanked hard on the reins of the nearby horse, causing it to bolt straight towards Chloe.

Chloe was frightened, her face paled, and she quickly backed away.

Aria pulled sharply on the reins, promptly halting the horse, which took two steps back and obediently returned to her side.

Chloe was terribly frightened, tears spilling over, her face paling as she questioned Aria, "What are you doing? That was intentional."

"Sorry, just kidding. I apologize, but you didn't get hurt at all, why are you squeezing out tears here? Pretending to be pitiful, isn't it disgusting?"

Aria returned Chloe's words verbatim.

"..."

Chloe's face immediately turned unpleasant, unable to refute the brazen woman who had turned her words back on her.

Seeing Chloe gnashing her teeth yet unable to do anything, Aria raised her brow and smiled at her.

Chloe swung the reins in her hand fiercely, her anger continuing to rise, "Seems like you can ride too, race me then. If you lose, you leave Young Master Lewis willingly. If I lose, you can deal with me as you wish."

Chloe's eyes were icy and fierce on her, full of arrogant confidence, very sure of her riding skills. She planned to make Aria concede thoroughly.

"Well, do you dare?"

Chapter 888: Chapter 888: One Pampered, One Wild

Aria Richardson listened to her words and almost rolled her eyes, "I don't like your wager. Win or lose, why should I use my boyfriend as a bet?"

Chloe Woods understood her meaning; she could compete with her but refused this wager.

Chloe smiled confidently, "Then what should happen if you lose or win?"

"No wagers. I won't use my boyfriend as a bet, and I'm not interested in having you obey me if you lose."

Chloe squinted her eyes, "So are you going to compete or not?"

"Of course, since everyone is quite bored anyway, having a match for fun doesn't matter."

Wasn't she the one who looked down on her the most? Aria was somewhat looking forward to how this arrogant young lady would feel losing to the person she despises the most.

"No, it's too dangerous. What if you fall down or get trampled by the horse? Besides, who knows if she would use some dirty tricks."

Wyatt Lewis directly pulled Aria back; this was no joking matter.

Moreover, he had never seen Aria ride a horse, but he just witnessed Chloe's riding skills. She definitely wasn't up to anything good by proposing this match.

But Aria smiled calmly this time, "Don't worry, trust me, nothing will happen."

She was never a stable person from a young age, and she didn't possess the demeanor of a gentlewoman. She loved to play around everywhere she went; arts and literature were not her thing, but horse riding and racing? Those were her specialties.

"But..."

"Let her go."

Hope Williams spoke up from the side, "She knows what she's doing. Some people are displeased with her, and she must make them acknowledge her supremacy."

One was pampered, while the other was wild. In such an outdoor competition, it was clear who had a better chance of winning.

Aria gave a playful smile to Hope; indeed, Hope understood her.

Wyatt looked at these two women gazing at each other, utterly confused by them.

Hope had always been bold in everything, and now Aria was acting the same.

Did they both like to play like this?

Chloe scoffed, "Fine, let's compete then. Don't cry if you lose."

She couldn't believe that she was inferior to Aria.

Emma Winton, however, stopped Chloe.

Since Aria dared to challenge her, she must have some skills.

Besides, seeing that Hope didn't stop her, they seemed so relaxed and indifferent.

It was impossible not to have some real skills.

But the words had been spoken, and there was no backing out. Emma pulled Chloe behind her, "Chloe was standing up for me, so let me compete with Miss Richardson instead."

Chloe looked at Emma, "Emma, your hand is still injured."

Emma glanced at the chafed area on her hand, "It's nothing, just a minor injury."

Emma's horse riding was better than Chloe's, so naturally, Emma had a better chance of winning. Chloe nodded, "Then you be careful."

"Mm, I will," Emma looked at Aria, her gaze consistently gentle and harmless.

"Miss Richardson, shall we begin?"

"Alright," Aria nodded, as it didn't matter much who she competed with.

Emma looked at Wyatt Lewis and said indifferently, "Young Master Lewis, since this is an outdoor competition, injuries are possible. If she gets hurt later, I hope it won't be blamed on me."

Wyatt's eyes became increasingly deep, "You better not pull any tricks."

Emma smiled lightly, "Everyone is watching; it's not just me. What tricks could I possibly pull?"

It's common to get injured if horse racing is not handled correctly, as there's always a risk of falling off the horse.

"Don't worry, whoever gets injured, neither of us will blame the other."

Aria adjusted her gloves, offering Emma a band-aid with a calm voice.

Emma glanced at the band-aid in her hand, reached for it, "Alright, then I'm relieved. Thank you."

